breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by godſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they wil a long with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cha. At hand quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Camberlaine for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cha. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowſt he is no ſtaruling, tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion, ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their own credit ſake make al whole: I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, non of theſe mad muſtachio purple hewd malt worms, but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomaſters & great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake, & ſpeake ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray, & yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? wil ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, ſhe will, iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a caſtle cockſure. we haue the receit of Ferneſeede, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable, farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto &c.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoued Falſtalffes horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keepe?

Fal. What Poines, *Hal?*

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcal hath remoued my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhal break my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this xxii. yeere and yet I am be-

 witcht